

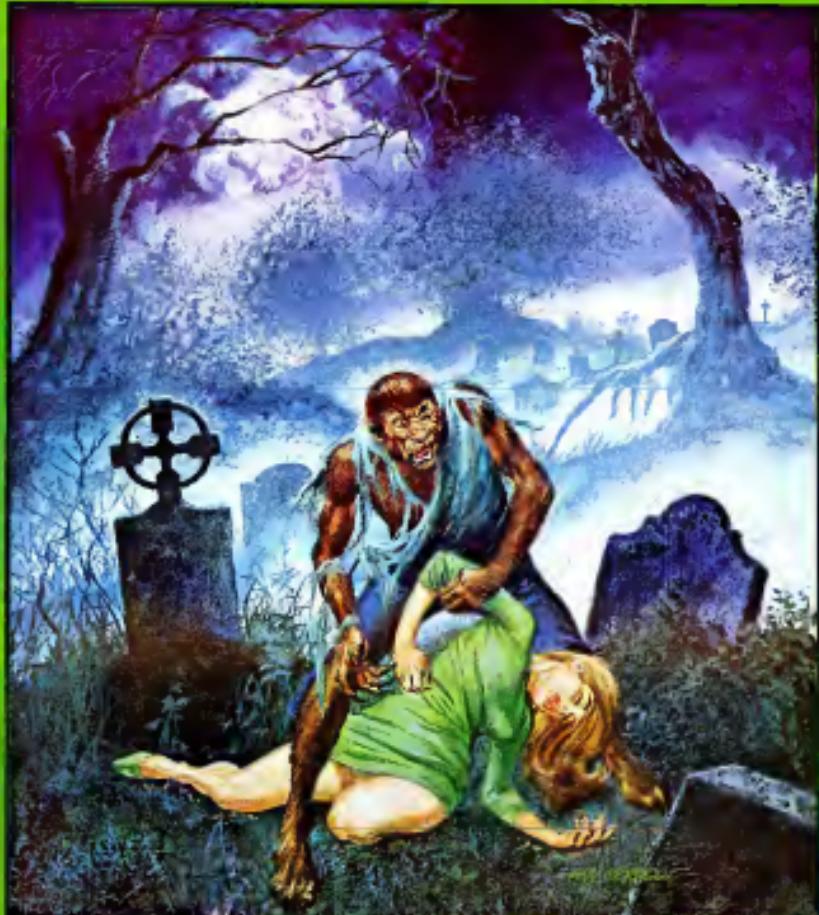
COMIC BOOK

13

A WARREN PUBLISHING 35¢

CREEPY

FEB.
NO. 13



**Illustrated terror tales designed to
plunge YOU into ultimate fright!!!**



SOME OF YOU FRIENDLY FIENDS TIRED OF YOUR PRESENT HUMDRUM EXISTENCE, LIKE A LITTLE CHANGE? THEN LET'S LOOK IN ON SOME ANCIENT FEAR FORMULAS FOR BECOMING A WEREWOLF IN...

CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!



IT WAS WIDELY BELIEVED IN THE MIDDLE AGES THAT THE DEVIL HIMSELF MADE GIFTS OF BELTS OR SKINS OF WOLVES TO SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS. WHEN WORN, THE OWNER WOULD BE TRANSFORMED INTO A WOLF WITH ALL ITS AWESOME CHIEFLY-UBERFUL...



ANCIENT ROMANS BELIEVED A WEREWOLF WAS SOMEONE WHO COULD TURN HIS SKIN INSIDE OUT. IN HUMAN FORM, THE SUSPECTED WEREWOLF'S FUR WOULD BE GROWING INWARD. FINAL PROOF AT MANY TRIALS CONSEQUENTLY INVOLVED PARTIAL SKINNING OF THE ACCUSED!



UNLucky INNOCENTS COULD BE TRANSFORMED INTO WEREWOLVES BY DRINKING WATER FROM THE FOOTPRINT OF A WEREWOLF, OR BY TASTING THE WATER OF A STREAM FROM WHICH A WEREWOLF HAD ALSO DRUNK... SOMETIMES TURNING HUNTERS INTO THE VERY PREY THEY STALKED!



CREEPY

NO. 13

PUBLISHER: James Warren

ASSISTANT TO PUBLISHER: Richard Conway

EDITOR: Archie Goodwin

COVER: Gray Morrow

LETTERING: Ben Oda

STAFF ARTISTS: Dan Adkins, Eugene Colan, Johnny Craig, Reed Crandall, Steve Ditko, Frank Frazetta, Jerry Grandenetti, Rocco Mastroserio, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, John Severin, Angelo Torres, Alex Toth, Al Williamson, Wallace Wood

CONTENTS



LOATHSOME LORE

Breathless browsing into lycanthropic legends

2



THE SQUAW

Bram Stoker's startling study of revenge in a torture chamber

5



EARLY WARNING

Come to Starkburg, if you don't mind a few angry citizens with a vampire problem

14



SCREAM TEST

A girl reporter finds herself face-to-face with a scary scoop

20



MADNESS IN THE METHOD

Henry Belmond has a crazy plan to get away with murder

27



CREEPY FAN CLUB

The spook spotlight is on demon draftsmen Angelo Torres

34



FEAR IN STONE

Uncle Creepy chisels out a tale of some strange sculpturing

36



ADAM LINK, GANGBUSTER

To save his metal mate from the hot seat, Adam winds up in a hot spot

45

SECOND CHANCE

Being dead doesn't bother Edward Nugent, he's got a deal with the devil

55

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY



This month our menaces material is being sent to the printer's before the corner bats have arrived with your poison pen patter on my being-twenty issues, so we'll have to print most of your carding comments on issue 11, and cover 12 & 13's letters in issue 16's letter column. And if all this is confusing to you, thank how I feel!—UC

Issue 11 had a cover which was bad. The colors were blurred and the characters were bad. The cover story had good art and story. "The Devil to Pay" had the best art and story. I like art which is dark. "Hop Frog" and "Skeleton Crew" were fabulous in plot and art. Your map is a winner, with EERIE along side. They both out did the other trashy horror comic mess by far. Creepy's "Leathsome Love" is the most. I have a book on true supernatural happenings and some of them are in "Leathsome Love". The Fan Club page is good too. I belong to the club and am writing stories and drawings ready for entry. EERIE has a well constructed mag too. Warren Publishing Company picks all winners.

Russell Tie
Lindenhurst, N.Y.

I don't know if that FAT FRIEND EERIE is such a winner, Russ. He just isn't as much of a leiser as our competition.—UC

I've noticed many a copy of CREEPY on the newsstands, but it has been only recently that I started to read and

collect them. Now I must say that I'm glad I started. CREEPY No. 11 was the first issue I read, and what really hooked me was the fabulous artwork. All the great comic artists were present: Wood, Ditko, Frazetta, Crandall, only to mention a few. What more could one fan ask? Not much, I afraid.

As for your stories, they are well written and handled, with much the same plot twists as the pre-superhero Marvels. But yours have that added extra touch of humor that is so frequently missed in most comics today. . . . So all I can say is more, MORE!

Now, as I sit and pull my reeler of dried wobblene leaves, and daydream of my heart being replaced with a gorilla's, one question keeps entering my mind (which is somewhat unusual, as I have very little mind to enter), and that is this: Are Wallace Wood and Dan Adams one and the same artist? I've seen lots of Wood artwork, and this guy Adams has a style almost exactly like that of Mr. Wood. So what's the skinny? One and the same person, or two different artists? Mike Robertson
Maple Valley, Wash.

Better lay off the wobblene leaves, Mike! Omen! Dan and Weird Wally are two different people. They have worked together for some time now, hence a similarity in style. Thanks to Wally's guidance, we think Dan has become one of the brightest new talents in comics today, and we'll be trying to feature work by both of them in issues to come.—UC

CREEPY No. 11 was great (like all your other issues). I especially liked "Beastman". I have always admired his work in Spiderman, but in No. 11, Steve Ditko topped himself! I could praise him forever, but I don't like to forget some of your terrific new artists: Donald Norman and Dan Adams . . . And Eugene Colan and Joe Orlando who have been with you.

Les Cahenge
Lakewood, N.J.

That's fine, Les, but what am I going to do about the noise from all the chain rattling by the artists you didn't mention? —UC

Upon re-reading CREEPY No. 11, I decided not to let your best issue go by without some comment. First of all, to start from the very beginning, take all of the praise ever written about Frank Frazetta

and apply it to the latest. He is the master and can do no wrong.

Now for the stories . . . Reed Crandall's "Hop Frog" got the issue off to an excellent start. With a team like Crandall and Poe, how can you go wrong. "Sons Spot" was Joe Orlando's best work in some time. It looked as if he put quite a bit of work in it and it showed. The story itself was really great. I'm very glad to see that you are using more stories of this type. You don't need a vampire or werewolf in every story in order to convey horror. In fact, most stories that feature them have very predictable endings.

Don Adams' handling of "The Doomsday" was simply breathtaking. Each and every panel was a true work of art. If possible, please add him to your regular staff and use his work in both CREEPY and EERIE. The story was another gem and proves that science-fiction horror has a very real place in your magazines. "The Black Death" was a good story but I was not overly impressed by Mooney Stallman's art. I really hesitate to make a statement like this because I am not qualified to technically criticize the man's work. My only guess is whether or not an artist's style really "shakes me up" and I realize this is purely a personal reaction. Perhaps some efforts in different techniques will change my mind.

"Beastman" was a terrific story, beautifully drawn by Steve Ditko. Steve is a perfect example of what I was saying above. I did not care for his first few contributions to your book but now he seems to get better and better and has become one of my favorites. "The Devil to Pay" was unfortunately the weakest of the issue, though not so much the story itself, but rather the artwork, which except for the first two pages, left much to be desired. "Skeleton Crew" was a masterpiece of true chilling horror, expertly done by another top member of your staff, Angelo Torres. It's a good thing you chose this as the last story of the issue because it would have been hard to top.

One suggestion which I would like to make in closing concerns the statement that a great many of your readers love in your staff artists and their varied techniques. Why don't you list, along with the artist and title of each story, the technical name of each style the artist has used. I think this would make comments and opinions much clearer to you.

Vincent Marotto
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Before I get too much over

Wanna's glowing words, I better seal myself for the next bit of fang mail!—UC

CREEPY No. 11 wasn't up to par. You had two good stories (considering art and writing), "Hop Frog" and "Giant Man". Absolutely superb. Except for "The Doomsday" (Your usual type great story; Dan Adams is great), and the two mentioned above, the magazine was terrible. "Sons Spot" was a stupid story. Mooney Stallman is a terrible artist, Donald Norman is OK, but by no means great. "Leathsome Love" was bad. Get Frazetta to do one. The cover was great, considering what he had to work with instead of a gorilla, he could have made some sort of monster-beast!

Don Morgan
Greensboro, N.C.

Well, maybe, Dan, but Frazetta Frank is a big gorilla fan!—UC

As a Lowe Junior High School student, I got a big kick out of your magazines. In No. 11, I especially enjoyed "Black Death" by Ron Parker, although I do think the art could have been a bit better. "The Beast Man" by Steve Ditko and Archie Goodwin was good too. The rest of the stories were also good although "The Doomsday" was kind of hard to understand.

I happen to be a girl, and I'd like to know why you don't print girl's letters. Is it because they just don't write or because you just don't print them?

Debra Sullivan
Minden, La.

Certainly not, Debra . . . some of my best friends are girls! Many of our letters seem to be from boys (or something), but we do, to our delight, receive fan mail from females. You probably just happened to see a column where no letter from a girl appeared!—UC

. . . I must commend you, so far since Cousin Eddie started putting out mag, you have outdone him every time. Jerry Layman
Logansport, Ind.

That'll show Jelly-belly!—UC

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to: CREEPY LETTERS, Dept. 11, 429 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017



TIME TO RUSH INTO THE LOATHSOME, RABID READERS! SHAKE A SLIMY TENTACLE UP TO THE SHOCK SHELF, AND DUST OFF ANOTHER *CREPY CLASSIC!* THIS MONTH'S AWFUL OFFERING IS **BRAM STOKER'S** SHIVERING SHORT STORY...

THE SQUAW!

IT WAS IN NURNBERG DURING THE SECOND WEEK OF OUR HONEYMOON THAT MY WIFE AND I MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF ELIAS P. HUTCHESON, AN EXUBERANT AMERICAN MAILING FROM BLEEDING GULCH, NEBRASKA...



IT MAY BE THERE IS AN ATTRACTION OF LESSER MATTER TO GREATER, OR WE DID NOT NOTICE THE WALL SLOPED OUT AT ITS BASE--BUT THE STONE FELL WITH A SICKENING THUD...

LORD! THE KITTEN...

SAY! I WOULDNT UV HAD THIS HAPPEN FER A THOUSAND! SHOWS WHAT A CLUMSY FOOL CAN DO TRYIN' TO PLAY! HOPE YOU DON'T GRUDGE ME NONE, MA'AM...



N-NO... BUT THE MOTHER, LOOK AT HER! LOOK AT HER EYES... LIKE SHE KNEW HOW IT HAPPENED!



WITH A MUFFLED CRY, SUCH AS A HUMAN MIGHT GIVE, THE CAT MADE A WILD RUSH UP THE WALL, FALLING BACK WHEN MOMENTUM ENDED... AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN! EACH TIME, TO OUR HORROR, FALLING BACK INTO THE BLOOD OF HER OWN KITTEN...



SAWGST BEAST I EVER DID SEE-- 'CEPT ONCE WHEN AN APACHE SQUAW GOT AFTER A HALF-BREED WHO KILLED HER PAPOOSE ON A RAID...



...SHE FOLLERED HIM MORE'N THREE YEARS TILL AT LAST THE BRAVES GOT 'IM AND HANDED 'IM OVER TO HER. THEY SAY NO MAN, WHITE OR INJUN, EVER BEEN SO LONG A-DYIN'...



...BREED CASHED IN HIS CHIPS JUST AS WE CAME ON THE CAMP.. THET SQUAW WAS SMILING FER THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE PAPOOSE BUSINESS WHEN I WIRED 'ER OUT!



I'VE NEVER SEEN AN ANIMAL BEHAVE SO! AS THOUGH SHE COULD KILL YOU ... HER EYES LOOK LIKE POSITIVE MURDER!

'SCUSE ME, MA'MAM, BUT I CAN'T HELP LAUGHIN'! FANCY A MAN WHO'S FOUGHT GRIZZLIES AND INJUNS BEIN' MURDERED BY A CAT!



AT THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER, THE CAT'S BEHAVIOR CHANGED. SHE NO LONGER TRIED TO JUMP OR RUN UP THE WALL...

SEE! THE EFFECT OF A STRONG MAN! EVEN THE ANIMAL IN HER FURY RECOGNIZES THE VOICE OF A MASTER, AND BOWS TO HIM!

JEEST LIKE A SQUAW!



AS WE MOVED ON OUR WAY ALONG THE ANCIENT CITY WALL, EVERY NOW AND THEN WE LOOKED OVER, AND EACH TIME SAW THE CAT FOLLOWING US ...



WE'RE GOIN' INSIDE, MISSY! RECKON YOU CAN GO BACK NOW AN' HAVE A PRIVATE FUNERAL FOR THET PORE BUSTED YOUNG'UN OF YOURS!

SURE SORRY 'BOUT THIT, BUT THE CRITTER'LL GET OVER IT IN TIME!

GUESS THAT THERE'S THE TORTURE TOWER. WE BEEN HEARIN' SO MUCH ABOUT IT!



YOU ARE QUITE FORTUNATE. THE TOWER IS ONE OF NURNBERG'S MOST INTERESTING ATTRACTIONS. TOURISTS FLOCK THROUGH HERE ... BUT THIS MORNING, YOU HAVE IT ENTIRELY TO YOURSELVES!



YOU NOW STAND INSIDE ONE OF THE GREATEST MONUMENTS OF MAN'S CRUELTY TO MAN... ALL THE WEAPONS IN THE RACK BEHIND YOU WERE USED BY THE HEADSMEN, THOUGH THEY FAVORED THE DOUBLE-HANDED SWORD...



...NEXT WE HAVE THE ACTUAL CHOPPING BLOCKS USED, AND BEYOND THEM THE USUAL COMPLEMENT OF RACKS, BOOTS, COLLARS, ALL MADE FOR COMPRESSING AT WILL...



...AS WELL AS WATCHMEN'S HOOKS, THUMBSCREWS, AND THE MORE ELABORATE SPIKED CHAIR. YET THESE ARE ALL OVERSHADOWED BY ONE DEVICE, ONE DIABOLICAL CONTRIVANCE...



...THE INFAMOUS IRON VIRGIN OF NURNBERG!



A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF EFFORT IS NECESSARY TO FULLY DEMONSTRATE THE MAIDEN'S MENACE ... EVEN WITH THE AID OF A PULLEY YOU WILL OBSERVE IT TAKES MUCH TO OPEN THE DOOR ...

... THIS IS DUE PARTIALLY TO ITS WEIGHT AND ALSO BECAUSE IT IS DESIGNED TO SLAM SHUT WHEN THE TENSION ON THE CHAIN IS RELAXED!

H-HOW... HORRIBLE...

YOU WILL NOTICE WHAT APPEARS TO BE LARGE RUST STAINS ON THE INTERIOR... IN THE INTEREST OF DELICACY, I WILL ONLY SAY, IT IS NOT RUST!



GUESS I MIGHT JEST GIT IN THAT BOX A MINUTE TO SEE HOW SHE FEELS!

OH, NO! NO! IT'S TOO TERRIBLE!



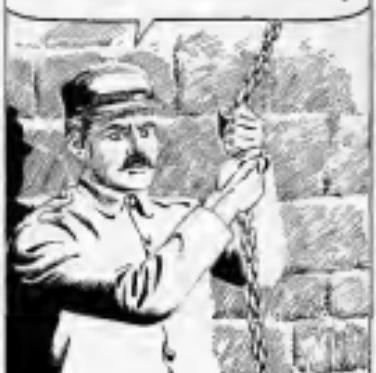
NOW AIN'T THIS SUMPTHINT 'PEARS TO ME THIS YOUNG ANSS HOLDS A STRAIGHT FLUSH ALL HIGH ON ANYTHING THE APACHES EVER COME UP ON MY SIDE OF THE BIG DRINK!



SHUCKS, MA'AM, NOTHIN'S TOO TERRIBLE TO THE EXPLORIN' MIND. FROM INJUN WARS TO CAVE-INS I'VE NOT BACKED DOWN ON AN ODD EXPERIENCE YET, AN' I DON'T PROPOSE TO BEGIN NOW!



MEIN HERR, I MUST PROTEST!
SUCH A THING IS HIGHLY IRREGULAR... IT CANNOT BE PERMITTED!



COME ON NOW, JUDGE, AINT
NOBODY AROUND BUT US FOLKS...
WHAT'S THE HARM? YOU TAKE THIS
AN' DON'T BE SKEERED!



THE GUARD'S PROTEST WAS ONLY FORMAL
AND MEANT TO BE OVERCOME, TAKING AN
ALMOST CHILDISH DELIGHT IN THE WHOLE
AFFAIR, HUTCHESON BACKED HIMSELF IN-
TO THE OPENING...

THAT'S RIGHT,
JUDGE, YOU RIG ME OUT JEST LIKE
THEM DUDES IN THE MIDDLE AGES
FACED THIS LITTLE LADY! I WANT
TO GO INTO THIS THING FAIR AND
SQUARE...



AIN'T MUCH ROOM IN HERE
FOR A FULL GROWN CITIZEN
OF THE USA TO HUSTLE, WE
MAKE OUR COFFINS MORE
ROOMIER THAN THIS!

HURRY UP, OLD
MAN, IF YOU'RE
DEAD SET ON DO-
ING THIS, GET
THROUGH IT QUICK!



DON'T PAY NO MIND TO MY NERVOUS FRIENDS,
JUDGE... YOU JEST EASE THET DOOR DOWN
SLOW-LIKE! I WANT TO SEE HOW THEM OTHER
JAYS FELT WITH THOSE SPIKES CLOSIN' IN
ON 'EM!



N-NO... I DON'T THINK I
CAN BEAR IT... IT'S TOO
TERRIBLE!

THE GUARD MUST HAVE HAD IN HIM SOME OF THE BLOOD OF HIS PREDECESSORS IN THAT GHASTLY TOWER AS HE BEGAN TO SLOWLY SLACKEN INCH BY INCH THE CHAIN HOLDING SPIKED DEATH BACK FROM HUTCHISON, WHOSE FACE GREW POSITIVELY RADIANT WITH THE OMINOUS MOVEMENT...



ENCUMBERED WITH AMELIA, I TRIED AWKWARDLY TO BREAK THE ANIMAL'S CHARGE WHEN WITH A HELLISH SCREAM SHE HURLED HERSELF INTO THE AIR! NOT AT HUTCHISON AS WE EXPECTED...

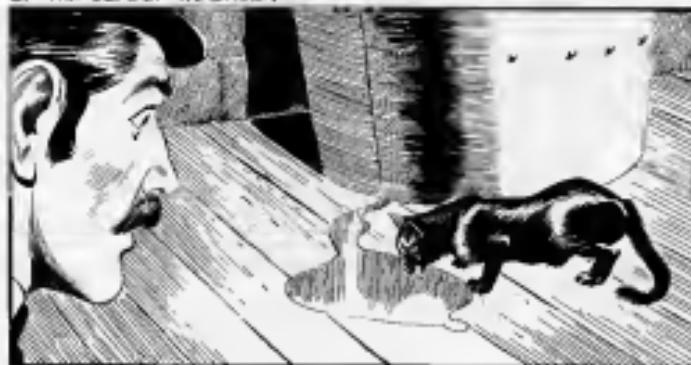




I RUSHED MY WIFE FROM THE ROOM IN FEAR. SHE WOULD WAKE FROM HER PAINT TO THIS SCENE OF HORROR, MOVING PAST THE GUARD WHO MOANED IN PAIN, DABBING HIS FACE WITH A REDDENING HANKERCHIEF...



PLACING AMELIA ON A BENCH OUTSIDE, I RAN BACK, CROUCHING IN FRONT OF THE IRON VISION. WAS THE CAT, PURRING LOUDLY AS SHE LICKED THE BLOOD WHICH TRICKLED THROUGH THE SEAM OF THE DEADLY MACHINE?



SOMUCH FOR OUR FABLE OF FELINE FRENZY... ALL SET FOR OUR NEXT TERROR TALE? WHAT? I DON'T HEAR ANY ANSWERS, FIENDS... CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE? HEE, HEE!



I THINK NO ONE WILL CALL ME CRUEL BECAUSE I SEIZED ONE OF THE OLD EXECUTIONER'S SWORDS AND SHORE HER IN TWO AS SHE CROUCHED.

THE GLASS OF THE BUS WINDOW IS COLD ON YOUR FACE AS YOU PEER ANXIOUSLY INTO THE NIGHT FOR SOME SIGN THAT THE LAST LEG OF YOUR INTERMINABLE JOURNEY IS NEARLY OVER... OUTSIDE, THERE IS ONLY THE SAME MONOTONOUS BLEND OF SNOW AND SKY. YOU SINK BACK INTO THE OVERHEATED INTERIOR AND FIND YOURSELF DRIFTING INTO AN UNCOMFORTABLE SLEEP...



BUT YOU RABID READERS BETTER STAY AWAKE BECAUSE THIS BUS IS TAKING YOU INTO A TERROR TEMPEST... PERHAPS YOUR NERVES CAN STAND IT IF YOU STEEL YOURSELVES AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE...



EARLY WARNING!

ABRUPTLY, THE BUS IS STOPPING AND YOU STUMBLE FORTH, CHILL AIR KNIFING INTO YOUR SLEEP-BEFOODLED MIND, AS THE DRIVER INTONED...



LORD! WHAT A WAY TO WAKE UP...
BUS DEPOT CLOSED, NO
SIGN OF A LIGHT ANYWHERE! FOR
ALL I KNOW THEY DON'T EVEN
HAVE ELECTRICITY HERE...

WEARILY, YOU GRIP YOUR
BAG AND TRUDGE DOWN
THE SNOW-COVERED STREET,
WISHING VAINLY THAT YOU
HAD NEVER ABANDONED THE
BUS'S WARMTH AND COMFORT.

NO WONDER THE
HOME OFFICE HASN'T
BEEN GETTING ANY
MORE ORDERS
FROM THIS PLACE.
IT'S A GHOST TOWN!
GOES BEYOND JUST A
SMALL TOWN SHUT
UP FOR THE NIGHT...

**HEY! ANYBODY HOME?
OPEN UP! HEY...**

OH, FINE!... LOCKED UP TIGHT!
PROBABLY CAN'T AFFORD A NIGHT
CLERK... WHAT THE HELL AM
I GONNA DO?

YOU STAMP YOUR FEET IN THE
COLD AND STARE AROUND IN DIS-
GUST. NEXT TO THE HOTEL IS A
NARROW LITTLE ALLEYWAY...

WHAT TH- SOMETHING LYING- UP
AHEAD...

MAYBE I
CAN FIND A
BACK
ENTRANCE
OPEN...

HORROR AND
REVULSION RIDE
WITH YOUR
VERY HEARTBEAT
AS YOU STAGGER
NEAR. WHAT THE
ALLEY'S INKY
SHADOWS HAD
MERCIFULLY
HIDDEN...

DH
MV
GOD!

IN WONDER, YOU BEND CLOSE TO THE GROTESQUELY SPRAWLED FORM, YOUR FINGERS REACHING FORWARD IN PITY TO TOUCH THE STRANGE PUNCTURES ON THE ALMOST GHOSTLY PALE NECK...

THEN, THE LIGHT HITS YOU...

YOU FIEND...
@#*!! HELLIN'
LOUSY FIEND!

YOU BLINK IN STUPID, UNBELIEVING-SHOCK AT THE LIGHT'S BLINDING-GLARE, THEN FULLY COMPREHEND THE DANGER OF YOUR POSITION AS A HARSH, ANGRY VOICE SHOUTS INTO THE NIGHT...

THIS WAY! THIS WAY, MEN!
I'VE FOUND HIM! THE @#*!! MONSTER IS CORNERED!

WAIT! YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND...
I DIDN'T...

BUT THERE IS NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS... YOU FACE A WALL OF HATE-TWISTED FACES, A FAÇADE OF INTIMIDATING HOSTILITY THAT IS ALREADY TRYING YOU AND SENTENCING YOU TO DEATH...

WITH THE WHOLE TOWN BOARDED UP YOU STILL MANAGED TO FIND THAT POOR GIRL, EH? WHILE WE TRAMPED THE COUNTRYSIDE SEARCHING, YOU DARED DO THIS...

LISTEN! I HAD
NOTHING TO DO WITH
THIS, I'M A STRANGER
HERE... I...

**WE'VE SEEN ALL WE
NEED TO SEE!**

YOU'VE
BEEN CLEVER IN THE
PAST, BUT THIS NIGHT'S
WORK HAS NETTED YOU
A WOODEN STAKE THROUGH
THE HEART!

YOU'RE ALL INSANE!
STAY AWAY FROM ME!
I'M NO MONSTER!

YOUR PLEAS AND CRIES FALL ON DEAF
EARS, AND YOU REALIZE THE ONLY WAY
TO SURVIVE IS TO ACT, AND QUICKLY...

WOK!
SHREK!
... LEAVE
ME
ALONE!

IT IS A SMALL CHANCE,
BUT THE ONLY ONE
AVAILABLE TO YOU!
YOU PLUNGE INTO
THEIR CONFUSED MIDST,
**KICKING,
FLAILING
AND...**

STOP
HIM!

...STRIKING OUT IN EVERY
DIRECTION UNTIL YOU BREAK
FREE INTO THE STREET...

STOP HIM! DON'T LET
HIM GET AWAY... **AFTER HIM!**

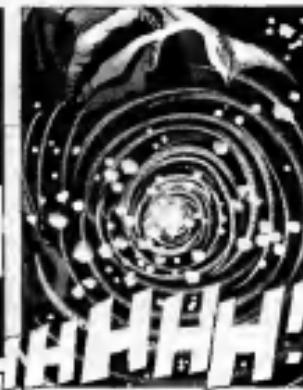
NOW YOU RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! SCRAM-
BLING BLINDLY, KNOWING ONLY THAT
YOU'RE MOVING AWAY FROM THE
HOWLING, MADDERED MOARD WHICH
THUNDERS HARD ON YOUR HEELS
AS THE VERY SNOW ITSELF GRABS
AND CLINGS TO YOUR CHURNING LEGS
AS THOUGH BENT ON DELIVERING
YOU TO THE MOB...

YOUR EYES TEAR
AND STREAM WATER,
YOUR FEET BECOME
LEADEN... YOUR HEAVYING
CHEST PULLS IN ICY AIR
THAT RIPS DOWN YOUR
THROAT TO STRIKE
LIKE DAGGERS IN
YOUR TORTURED
LUNGS... YOUR
ENTIRE THROB-
BING BODY
SCREAMS
FOR REST...

THERE IS NO TIME TO GET UP. YOU FEEL YOURSELF START TO GO TO PIECES AS THE CIRCLE OF VEN-
GEANCE-MAD FACES DRAINS TIGHTLY AROUND YOU...

**PLEASE, NO! DON'T DO IT!
PLEASE... NO! PLEASE!**

FROM EVERY DIRECTION, HANDS LAY HOLD OF YOUR PITIFULLY STRUGGLING FORM, PINNING YOU HOPELESSLY TO THE GROUND... YOU CRY WITH PAIN AS THE FRESHLY SHARPENED WOODEN STAKE IS SHOVED INTO POSITION OVER YOUR HEART... THEN, THROUGH THE WELLING TEARS IN YOUR EYES, YOU SEE THE HAMMER COME SWISHING DOWN IN ONE POWERFUL STROKE...



YAHHEHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

THE SCREAM DIES WITHIN
YOUR OWN MIND AND THE FINAL
PAIN NEVER COMES. ABRUPTLY, THE BUS
IS STOPPING AND YOU STUMBLE FORTH,
CHILL AIR KNIFING INTO YOUR SLEEP-BEPLUNGED
MIND, AS THE DRIVER INTONED...

NIGHTMARE... JUST A
NIGHTMARE... BUT IT WAS
THIS TOWN... EXACTLY
LIKE THIS TOWN...



HEY! ANYBODY HOME?
OPEN UP! HEY...

IT'S ALL HAPPENING... RIGHT DOWN
THE LINE! THERE'S THE ALLEYWAY
OVER THERE...



INSTINCT TELLS YOU TO TURN, TO RUN, BUT
YOU ARISE TO KNOW... IRRESISTIBLY, YOU'RE
DRAWN INTO THE ALLEY'S DEEP BLACKNESS.

OH MY
GOD!



WITHOUT THINKING, YOU BEND CLOSE, REACHING OUT TO THE PALE THROAT TO MAKE SURE OF THE PRESENCE OF THE SAME SNAKE-LIKE WOUND AS IN THE DREAM, WHEN THE LIGHT HITS YOU...

THIS WAY! THIS WAY, MEN! I'VE CORNERED HIM!

WAIT! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I DIDN'T...

AGAIN, THE SAME CROWD OF SULLEN FACES MATERIALIZE, YOU RECOGNIZE THEM ALL... AND YOU REALIZE IF EVER YOU ARE GOING TO GAIN FROM WHAT THE DREAM REVEALED TO YOU, IT HAS TO BE NOW!

LISTEN! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING... IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE KILLED THIS GIRL! BUT, YOU'VE GOT TO HEAR ME OUT... THERE'S A WAY OF TESTING WHAT YOU SUSPECT!

ALL YOU NEED IS A MIRROR... THE UNDEAD CAST NO REFLECTIONS... JUST HOLD UP A MIRROR... ANYONE GOT A MIRROR? YOU'LL SEE FOR SURE I'M NO **VAMPIRE!**

WERE ALREADY CERTAIN OF THAT... AND YOU DIDN'T KILL THE GIRL... **WE DIDN'T** SHE WAS THE LAST HOLDOUT IN TOWN...

YOU KILLED HER? B-BUT THAT WOULD MEAN IT'S YOU WHO ARE THE **VAMPIRE!**

IN A FLASH, YOU SEE THE EYES OF THE CROWD GO RED WITH BLOODLUST AND EVEN AS THE WORD FALLS OFF YOUR TONGUE, YOU REALIZE YOU'D BE FAR BETTER OFF JUST TO SCREAM!!

Huh, hch! Just goes to show you there's a big difference between dreams and reality, eh, kiddies? Actually, the Starksburg vampires aren't so smart, they're just winding up with one more mouth to feed. I suppose, if no more visitors show up, they'll soon be at each other's throats!

STEP UP TO THE BOX OFFICE. BREATHTLESS BROWBEARS, THE MAIN FEAR FEATURE IS READY TO ROLL... ALL YOU MONSTER MOVIE BUFFS ARE SURE TO BE ENTHRALLED BY THIS DEMONIAC DRAMA OF A REPORTER WHOSE ASSIGNMENT TURNS INTO A...

SCREAM TEST!

DIGGIN' MUSIC...
BUT THAT THEATRE'S
BEEN ABANDONED
FOR YEARS! IT
MUST BE...

—GHOSTER! WE'VE RECEIVED REPORTS OF STRANGE MUSIC COMING FROM THE OLD ALHAMBRA ON BANK STREET. RESEARCH DEPARTMENT SAYS THE OWNER LIVES RIGHT NEXT DOOR... HE'LL SEE YOU THIS EVENING.

THANKS FOR THIS CHANCE, MR. FOSTER. I'LL DO MY BEST!

THIS GUY MANAGED THE THEATRE IN THE OLD DAYS. GET SOME HUMAN INTEREST STUFF! WHAT THE PLACE WAS LIKE IN ITS HEGEY... MAYBE THERE'S A STORY THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHAT'S GOING ON NOW...

HEH HEH,
MAYBE YOU'LL
EVEN SEE THE
GHOST!



CLOSED



WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WE DON'T TAKE
SALES!

I'M
SUSAN STREET
OF THE NEWS.
I HAVE AN
APPOINTMENT
WITH MR. KIRKIS.

THE LADY FROM
THE PAPER...

THANK YOU, VELMA, YOU CAN GO.
SIT DOWN, YOUNG LADY, AND TELL
A LONELY OLD MAN WHY, AFTER
ALL THESE YEARS, THE
PRESS IS INTERESTED
IN HIM AGAIN...



"CHANNEY! THAT'S THE NAME TO CONJURE WITH... CHANEY! I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE MANY AFTERNOONS I PLAYED HOCKEY JUST TO WATCH HIM AND HIS FANTASTIC CREATIONS..."



© 1958, Lippert Pictures, Inc. 2000

"...BUT YOU DIDN'T COME JUST TO HEAR ME RUMBLE. YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT MY THEATRE? ABOUT THE ALHAMBRA?"

"WEIRD MUSIC'S BEEN HEARD COMING FROM THERE IN THE NIGHT, COMING FROM A DESERTED MOVIE HOUSE... SOME PEOPLE THINK...HEH... THEY THINK IT COULD BE THE GHOST OF THE THEATRE'S ORGANIST!"

"I SHOULD HOPE NOT! YOU SEE I WAS THE ORGANIST FOR MANY YEARS. THERE'S A SIMPLE EXPLANATION FOR THE MUSIC. I'VE FINALLY GOTTERN THE OLD THEATRE ORGAN IN WORKING SHAPE! PLAYING IT REMINDS ME OF THE OLD DAYS..."

LURKING

"I STARTED WORKING AS AN USHER AFTER SCHOOL, BUT WAS SOON PROMOTED TO BARKER--STANDING OUTSIDE IN THE CHILL AIR, SHOUTING OUT AS BEST I COULD OF THE ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE TO BE SEEN INSIDE..."

"IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I WAS POUNDING AWAY ON THE PIANO IN THAT LITTLE THEATRE, SUPPLYING MUSICAL MOOD TO THE FLICKERING MAGIC ON THE SCREEN ABOVE! BUT I WAS AMBITIOUS--I WANTED TO BE AN ORGANIST IN ONE OF THE BIG MOVIE PALACES. FINALLY, I GOT MY CHANCE..."

"WELL I REMEMBER THAT FIRST DAY
AND THE FIRST FILM THAT I ACCOM-
PANIED ON THE WURLITZER ORGAN--
LON CHANEY IN HIS MAGNIFICENT
PORTRAIT OF THE HUNCHBACK
OF NOTRE DAME!"



"THE WURLITZER WAS ONE OF THE MOST FAN-
TASTIC INSTRUMENTS DEVISED BY MAN. IT
COULD IMITATE ANY SOUND FROM A BRAZ
BAND TO A CHOIR OF ANGELS...WITH A FLICK
OF MY FINGERS, ITS RUMBLINGS WOULD SOAR
INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE BALCONY AND
FREEZE THE MARROW IN ONE'S BONES!"

"YOU'RE TOO YOUNG
TO REMEMBER THOSE
DAYS...TREATISES HANDED
OUT PROGRAMS THEN AND
THE ORGANIST'S NAME
WAS AS BIG AS THE
NAMES OF THE STARS
IN THE PICTURE!
AND I, IRVINE KREZ
WAS ONE OF
THE BEST!"



"I WAS AT THE
TOP OF THE HEAP
MAKING BIG MONEY
AND INVESTING ALL
OF IT IN THE
THEATRE..."



"FINALLY, I BECAME MANAGER AND THEN OWNER OF THE ALHAMBRA. FOR A FEW SHORT YEARS MY SUCCESS WAS GOLDEN AND THEN..."



YOU MUST FORGIVE THE CONDITION,
MISS STREET... I'M NOT ABLE TO
CLEAN THE WHOLE THEATRE BY
MYSELF. ALL MY ENERGIES
HAVE GONE TO THE
WURLITZER...

... I'LL GO
NOW AND
START THE
PROJECTOR...



AND THE GREAT WURLITZER BEGAN
TO SPIN ITS WEB OF FANTASY AGAIN,
AS IT HAD DECADES AGO...



AS LON CHANEY SILENTLY SLIDED
THROUGH THE OPERA HOUSE ON THE
SCREEN, DUSUN BEGAN TO INCUBATE...



ABSORBED IN THE MAGIC OF HIS MUSIC
AND THE FLICKERING FILM SHADOWS,
KIRK FORGOT ABOUT HIS YOUNG VISITOR...

THE WALL SEEMS
STAINED AND CHARGED
AROUND THE ORGAN...
OF COURSE I
SHOULD HAVE
REMEMBERED!



... MY FATHER ONCE
TOLD ME ABOUT A FIRE
IN A MOVIE HOUSE WHILE
HE WAS WATCHING A SILENT
FILM... IT MUST HAVE BEEN
THIS THEATRE!



LOOKS LIKE CLIP KURE WAS MASAKING HIS TRUE FEELINGS, OH, KIDDING?
WELL, THAT BRINGS AN END TO THIS SHARKEK SHOWING, SO I SUG-
GEST YOU MOVE ON WHILE I RUMBLE OFF MY NEXT WORROR HANDWORK...

AND NOW A LITTLE PULSE-POUNDER, ABOUT A MAN WHO'S FOUND A PERFECT METHOD FOR GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER... OR SO IT SEEMS TO HIM, UNTIL HE DISCOVERS THAT THERE'S...

MADNESS IN THE METHOD!

ALL WAS GREY...
THE DANK, DRAB
DAY, THE DREAKY
BUILDINGS BEHIND
THE GRIM WALLS
OF THE ASYLUM
WHERE, A JUDGE
HAD DECREED
HENRY BELMOND
WAS TO LIVE OUT
THE REST OF
HIS LIFE...

IN YOU GO,
HENRY! THIS
IS YOUR NEW
HOME...

MUSTN'T OVERDO ANYTHING...
GOT TO PLAY IT CARE-
FULLY HERE WHERE
THEY LIVE WITH
MADMEN!



I'M CAPTAIN DUNNION, HENRY!
HEAD GUARD HERE AT HANNIFORD...
NO NEED TO BE UNEASY!
WE'RE ONE BIG FAMILY
HERE, Y'KNOW!

REALLY, THIS WASN'T
NECESSARY! YOU
CAN SEE HENRY'S
A GENTLE MAN...

HE'S PATRONIZING ME... AS
IF I WERE A WITLESS
IDIOT! BUT THEN... THAT'S
WHAT I'M SUPPOSED
TO BE!



INITIAL PROCESSING COMPLETED, HENRY FOLLOWED THE CAPTAIN DOWN SOMBER HALLS LEADING TO...

YOUR OWN PRIVATE ROOM, HENRY! YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE, AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU WANT... WELL, WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU...

I DON'T EXPECT THINGS TO BE LIKE THIS! IT'S NOT BAD, NOT HALF BAD!

THEN DUNNON LEFT HIM, AND HENRY DIDN'T MIND... EVEN WHEN THE KEY RATTLED OUTSIDE THE DOOR, LOCKING IT WITH A CLICK...

THAT'S THAT! I'VE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT! I'LL STAY HERE A YEAR, MAYBE TWO OR THREE! AND THEN...



HENRY COMPOSED HIMSELF AND WAITED FOR THE MANIAICAL SCREAMING TO STOP... DAY FACED INTO THE SMALL HOURS OF NIGHT AND STILL HE WAITED. NERVE ENDS TORN BY THE SOUND...



...IT'S GOT ME TRYING THIS DOOR EVERY TEN MINUTES TO BE SURE IT'S LOCKED! ENOUGH TO DRIVE A MAN MAD...

WAH! I MUST BE CAREFUL NEVER TO SAY THAT ALOUD!



BUT THE TORMENTING SHRIEK'S LEFT NO ROOM FOR HUMOR AND SLEEP BECAME AN IMPOSSIBILITY. DESPERATELY, HENRY SOUGHT REFUGE IN THE PAST...

YOU'D LAUGH AT ME NOW IF YOU WERE ALIVE, MYRTLE! YOU'D SAY I BROUGHT IT ON MYSELF, WOULDN'T YOU, MYRTLE?



...AND THE LAWN, HENRY! THE NEIGHBORS
ARE TALKING ABOUT THE LAWN...WEEDS TWO
FEET HIGH! THEY'RE SAYING THINGS
ABOUT YOU...

...I HEAR OTHER
WOMEN TALK
ABOUT THEIR
HUSBANDS! PROMOTIONS!
KAISES! BUT
YOU, HENRY...
THE SAME
LITTLE JOB,
THE SAME
TRIFUL PAY...

POUR IT ON, MYRTLE! RUB IT
IN! MAKE ME HATE YOU BE-
YOND ENDURANCE! MAKE
WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO
BASHER!



LOST IN MEMORIES OF THOSE LAST WEEKS WITH
HIS WIFE, DAWN SNEAKED UP ON HENRY BELMOND...

IT...IT'S MORNING? BUT I HAVEN'T
SLEPT...COULDN'T SLEEP IN THIS
ROOM! YOU'VE GOT TO MOVE ME!

THE MOUSE BOthers YOU?
COME ON, HENRY.. YOU SHOULD
ENJOY THE SCREAMING AND
HOWLING! JOIN IN WITH
THE OTHERS!



CAPTAIN DUNNON
SAID IF THERE
WAS ANYTHING
I NEEDED...

VERY WELL. I'LL ASK THE
CAPTAIN TO CHANGE YOUR
QUARTERS. BUT YOU'RE
NEVER GOING TO BE HAPPY
IF YOU DON'T LEARN TO
ADJUST...

...AND CAPTAIN DUNNON PROVED A MAN OF
HIS WORD...

IT HURTS
DEEPLY WHEN ONE OF
MY CHARGES ISN'T HAPPY;
HENRY! I TRUST THIS
ARRANGEMENT WILL GIVE
YOU THE QUIET YOU
DEMAND...

WANT IS IT WITH THE
GUARDS...WITH
DUNNON...CAN'T PUT
MY FINGER ON IT!



A PADDED CELL!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING TO DESERVE THIS! **LET ME OUT!** YOU MUST BE CRAZY TO PUT ME IN HERE! **LET ME OUT!**

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! THERE'S JUST NO PLEASING YOU, IS THERE, HENRY? VERY WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE...

THIS IS ALBERT BRODERICK, HENRY. I TRUST YOU'LL GET ALONG WELL TOGETHER... NO MORE TROUBLE...

YES, YES! IT'LL BE GOOD JUST TO HAVE SOMEONE TO TALK TO!



THE DOOR SHUT, THE LOCK TURNED / FOOTSTEPS RETREATED DOWN THE HALL...

THANK GOD, HE'S GONE! THAT DUNNION'S ALMOST AS BAD AS ANY OF THE INMATES! WHAT'S THE STORY ON HI...



HENRY WAS STILL SCREAMING MINUTES LATER WHEN THE DOOR BURST OPEN AND CAPTAIN DUNNION ENTERED, GENTLY AND PATIENTLY REMOVING THE CLAWING, GRASPING MANIAC FINGERS FROM HENRY'S THROAT...

H-HE'S A MADMAN... VIOLENTLY INSANE! ALMOST... KILLED ME...

THAT'S ENOUGH, HENRY! I WON'T HAVE YOU PROVOKING OUR OTHER INMATES! IF YOU CAN'T APPRECIATE WHAT I DO FOR YOU, PERHAPS YOU'LL PREFER THE DOCTORS' RECOMMENDATIONS!



WE'RE NOT PLEASED WITH YOUR ATTITUDE, HENRY. NOT PLEASED AT ALL! FROM WHAT THE CAPTAIN TELLS US, I FEAR WE MUST BE HARSH WITH YOU...

BLASTED DUNNON! I DON'T DARE TELL THEM WHAT A NUT HE IS AS LONG AS HE'S STANDING HERE...

NORMALITY IS A MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT, HENRY! YOUR RECORD INDICATES AN INABILITY TO COPE WITH YOUR SURROUNDINGS...

THE DOCTORS' VOICES DRONED ON... MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT, ADAPTABILITY TO SURROUNDINGS... THEY TALKED ON AND ON, JUST AS MYRTLE HAD DONE...

PARANOIA, HENRY! I DISCUSSED IT WITH DR. MARSH AND THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS IS WRONG WITH YOU... HENRY! AREN'T YOU LISTENING?

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'VE DONE?

YOU'VE DONE SPLENDIDLY, MY DEAR...

...YOU'VE SPREAD THE MYTH OF MY INSANITY UNTIL EVERYONE, EVEN OUR DOCTOR, IS CONVINCED OF IT! AND NOW...

...THUS, UNTIL YOU CAN LEARN TO LIVE IN OUR LITTLE COMMUNITY HERE AT HANNEFORD, HENRY, WE CAN ONLY RECOMMEND YOU TO THE VIOLENT WARD!

V-VIOLENT WARD? BUT... BUT LOOK, I'M NOT VIOLENT. I'M NOT! IT'S DUNNON... HIS GUARDS... THE PLACES THEY PUT ME...



THE DOCTORS SHOCK THEIR HEADS, EYING HIM WITH RIFT AS DUNNON LEAD HIM FROM THE ROOM AND DOWN...DOWN...DOWN DEEP INTO THE OLD BUILDING'S DEPTHS... DOWN INTO HORROR...

POOR HENRY! I KNOW YOU WON'T LIKE IT HERE, BUT IT WILL TEACH YOU... AH... HUMILITY!

Y-YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE... IT'S MAD! LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE MIDDLE AGES... PLEASE, DUNNON... PLEASE!



DUNNON TURNED,
SHAKING HIS HEAD
SADLY, LEAVING
HENRY TO SHARE
THE TORMENT OF
THE MADDENED,
TWISTED MINDS,,
LEAVING HIM
TO SEEK THE
ONLY REFUGE
LEFT, HIS OWN
MEMORIES...



THE SYMPTOMS WERE
CLASSIC I T WARNED MRS.
BELMONT HE MIGHT BE-
COME VIOLENT...
SHE COULDN'T
BELIEVE IT
OF HER
HUSBAND...

THANK YOU, DR.
MARSH! WITH THE
REST OF THE TESTI-
MONY PRESENTED,
I'M SURE THE COURT
WILL AGREE WITH
OUR RECOMMENDATION.

IT IS THE DECISION OF
THIS COURT THAT THE
DEFENDANT, HENRY
BELMOND, BE COM-
MITTED TO A MENTAL
INSTITUTION...UNTIL
CONSIDERED AS FIT
TO TAKE HIS PLACE
IN SOCIETY—

I'VE DONE IT! I'LL
PLAY IT CAREFULLY
AND IN NO TIME,
THEY'LL LET
ME OUT!



LET ME OUT!

*I CAN'T STAND
THIS! KEEP
THEM AWAY!
GET THEM
OFF
ME!*

NYAAAAA!

A HELLISH ETERNITY PAST UNTIL FINALLY HENRY'S PITIFUL SHRIEKS WERE ANSWERED...

AGAIN, HENRY! PLEASE... I DON'T
WON'T YOU BELONG HERE... I
EVER LEARN... CAN'T TAKE IT ANY-
HAVEN'T WE MORE... I'M A MURDERER...
WARNINGED I WANT TO CONFESS...
YOU?



CONFESS, HENRY? YOU'RE NOT RESPONDING WELL AT ALL! THIS IS A TERRIBLE REGRESSION, CAN'T YOU TRY TO ADJUST? WE ALL HAVE TO, YOU KNOW!

I TELL YOU I MURDERED MY WIFE... PRETENDED TO BE INSANE! IT WAS PRE-MEDITATED MURDER!



HENRY PEERED ANXIOUSLY, DESPERATELY FROM ONE PATIQUIS, SMILING FACE TO THE NEXT, TRYING TO CONVINCE THEM...

COME, HENRY! YOU CAN'T FOOL A JUDGE, ATTORNEYS, DOCTORS... IT'S ALL DELUSION!

I'LL GET LIFE IMPRISONMENT, LOSE MY WIFE'S INSURANCE MONEY... WOULD I ADMIT ALL THIS IF I WERE INSANE?



THIS IS GETTING US NOWHERE! THERE'S ONE SURE TEST TO SETTLE THE QUESTION...

I DON'T KNOW, DOCTOR... THAT METHOD'S VERY CONTROVERSIAL... STILL, WE HAVEN'T DONE IT IN A LONG TIME...

I CAN'T STAND THIS PLACE ANYMORE! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY JUST LIKE IT DID YOUR GUARDS! I'LL SUBMIT TO ANY TEST TO GET OUT OF HERE... ANYTHING!

FINE, HENRY! NOW WE'LL SETTLE ONCE AND FOR ALL IF THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH YOUR MIND...

W-WAIT... WHAT KIND OF TEST IS THIS... WAIT... NOOOO!



SHORTLY, THE SCREAMING STOPPED, AND THE DOCTORS WERE ABLE TO COMPLETE THE TEST...

I FEAR, GENTLEMEN, WE BADLY MIS-JUDGED HENRY BELMOND... HIS BRAIN LOOKS PERFECTLY NORMAL TO ME!

UNQUESTIONABLY, DOCTOR! PERFECTLY NORMAL! HEEHEE... PERFECTLY NORMAL!



HEHEHE... FELLOW INVITATES, EVERYONE AT HANNEFORD ADJUSTED SO WELL TO THEIR SURROUNDINGS THAT EVEN THE STAFF WAS NUTS! WHAT A CRAZY STORY... BUT IF YOU'RE NOT INSANE OVER THIS ONE, TRY MY NEXT MIND-BENDER!



THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



Step right in, WRITHING READERS! Watch out for the vampires, they're a little batty, and draw yourselves down into the dungeon for another MONSTROUS MEETING of ye old CREEPY FAN CLUB conducted by your own master of mayhem, UNCLE CREEPY. There are plenty of pulsating proceedings lined up for you, so let's leap right in to the WEIRD WORKS . . .

To begin with, we have this month's bubbling biography of yet another of our comic illustrationists, . . . One whose rapid rendering of my screen stories has placed him high on the list of you fave' fan favorites . . . ANGELO TORRESI!



Angelo's birthplace was Santurce, Puerto Rico on April 14th, 1932. The silver screen captivated Angelo's fancy even ahead of contact, and by the time he was five, he was an inveterate movie fan, especially of serials. Luckily for lovers of comic art, one of Angelo's relatives used to buy practically every comic book that came out. He had a shelf piled high with them, and these he shared with Angie. This, plus absorbing the Sunday funnies, soon had Angelo writing and drawing his own strips by the time he was nine or ten. When he was fifteen, his parents dragged him out of the local movie theater, and they moved to New York.

There Angelo made the decision that art would be his career and immediately began his formal training by entering the School of Industrial Arts. Shortly after graduating in 1955, Angelo was drafted, winding up as a radio operator in Korea. The G.I. Bill made it possible for him to attend the Carbonell and Illustrators School after finishing his service time. He studied under "Tarzan" artist, Barnes Hogarth and became further influenced by Hal Foster and others.

While there, Angelo met Al Williamson and began working with him on some of the stories Al was doing for EC Comics. Angelo's abilities won him successive scholarships his first two years at the school, and in his third year he won a contest sponsored by Timely comics (now Marvel) in which all contestants did versions of the same story and the winner was published. In one of Timely's fantasy comics. This paved the way for Angelo to do more work for editor Stan Lee at Timely. Unfortunately, Angie was breaking out to the scene at a bad period in comic history, and about the time he was going to do work on his own for the popular and well-done EC line, they, along with many other firms, went out of business.

For about a year, Angelo continued working with Stan Lee, doing other freelance work in the meantime, most of which was advertising. A call from Bob Powell turned out to be an invitation to try his hand at humorous illustration, which Angelo had never attempted before. He proved to have a flair for it which developed into regular work first from Powell, then CRACKED, and finally SICK where Angelo continues to be a regular contributor. When CREEPY was being formed, Al Williamson recommended Angelo, and comic fans have been the better for it ever since . . . His fine pen and ink style as well as his wild wash work has brought a dynamic dimension to all his jobs for Warren Publishing, as the compliments of the final

critics, all you fandish fans, constantly attest.

Recently married to little over a year at this writing, Angelo and his attractive wife, Joann, live on a farm in the hills of Pennsylvania, surrounded by over eighty acres of woods and wildlife, which both of them enjoy observing. Besides fishing, and hunting and target shooting on occasion, photography is Angelo's

prime pastime, and he hopes to graduate to a movie camera. His ambitions reach from tramping around the country sketching, painting, and photographing, to catching up on his reading, but all seem to boil down to just enjoying life. We figure he's really enabled to just that, because his artwork constantly makes life a lot more enjoyable for the rest of us.

Having cruelly chronicled another of our pulsating grotesques, let's turn to some MONSTROUS MATERIAL submitted by you FIENGISH FANS. For those of you aching to see your own eerie efforts on these pages, remember you must be a club member and we can only tell that if you give your club number with each submission. For best printed results, art should be done in black ink or very dark pencil and not folded. Now, our first CONVULSING CONTRIBUTION, by member No. 887, DANNY CHADBOURNE, of Bryan, Texas . . .



READY FOR SOME ACID ART APPRECIATION, DUNGEON DWELLERS? HAND ME MY HORROR HAMMER AND CHILL CHISEL, AND YOUR FAVORITE UNCLE WILL KNOCK OUT A LITTLE MONSTERPIECE ALL ABOUT A MASTER SCULPTOR WHO MANAGES TO CAPTURE...



HIS FACE A TWISTED MASK OF RAGE, FREDERICK HOLBERT TIGHTLY GRIPPED THE SMOOTH WOOD OF THE SLEDGE-HAMMER HANDLE AND SENT THE HEAVY MALLET HEAD SWINGING IN A WIDE DESTRUCTIVE ARC, WITH ALL THE POWER OF HIS SCULPTOR'S MUSCLES, WITH ALL THE ANGER OF YEARS OF FRUSTRATION AND FAILURE...

GREAT SCOTT, HOLBERT! YOUR STATUE...

WHAT DO YOU CARE, TYNAN? YOU HATE IT, DON'T YOU? YOU AND ALL THE OTHER CRITICS!!



NO ONE'S EVER LIKED MY WORK! YOU ALL WANT CLASSIC, GRACEFUL STATUES...THINGS TO INSPIRE BEAUTY! I CARVE MONSTERS... TO INSPIRE FEAR! YOU CAN'T ACCEPT THAT, CAN YOU, TYNAN?

CRITICS DON'T JUDGE YOUR PURPOSE, HOLBERT, ONLY HOW WELL YOU ACHIEVE IT... AND YOUR STATUES FAIL MISERABLY!

ONLY ONE SCULPTOR HAS CAPTURED TRUE FEAR... **STAVROS DIMITRIOS**, A TRUE GENIUS! HE WASTES NO TIME WITH GROTESQUE, UNBELIEVABLE MONSTERS, HE POES PEOPLE... CAUGHT IN THE MOMENT OF EXTREME HORROR!

IF YOU EVER HOPE FOR SUCCESS, DIMITRIOS IS THE MAN YOU MUST EQUAL!



ANGRILY, FREDERICK HOLBERT, USHERED THE CRITIC FROM HIS STUDIO, CURSING HIM. FOR A WEEK HE SULKED AND BROODED AMID THE DEBRIS AND CLUTTER OF HIS SELF-DESTROYED WORK, BUT IN THE END, AS HE KNEW HE WOULD FROM THE MOMENT TYNAN MENTIONED THE NAME, HOLBERT WENT TO VIEW THE ART OF **STAVROS DIMITRIOS**...

I-IT'S EVERYTHING THAT FOOL TYNAN SAID! EVERYTHING MY WORK SHOULD BE AND ISN'T! BLAST! HOW DOES HE DO IT? SO LIFE-LIKE? NO SCULPTOR EVER HAD A TOUCH LIKE THAT!



THE DETAILING'S INCREDIBLE,
DOWN TO THE TEXTURE OF THE
CLOTH! IT MUST BE THE TYPE
STONE... OR A SPECIAL TECH-
NIQUE... WHAT'S HIS SECRET?

REMOVE
YOUR
HANDS!
SUCH ART
ISN'T TO BE
PAWNED!

WHAT'S IT TO YOU,
OLD MAN?

YOU THINK BY
GRASPING AND
FEELING THE STONE,
THE SKILL WILL RUB OFF
ONTO YOU... YOU THINK YOU
CAN TOUCH THE SECRET OF
SUCH A STATUE! BAH! ONLY ONE
MAN HAS THE POWER TO
CREATE LIKE THIS... ME!
DIMITRIOS!

MR.
DIMITRIOS!
I'M SORRY.
I DIDN'T
KNOW... PLEASE!
I'M A SCULPTOR MYSELF
... IF YOU COULD TELL ME HOW
YOU DO IT...

HE'S OLD... ARTHRITIC... THOSE
TWISTED HANDS COULD NEVER
SHAPE THE DETAILING I'VE SEEN
... NOT WITHOUT SOME
SPECIAL METHOD!

MR.
DIMITRIOS...
PLEASE!

TELL?
I AM A GREEK!
THE ANCIENT SKILLS THAT
PRODUCED THE GREAT
STATUES OF THE GOLDEN
AGE ARE MY HERITAGE... MY
METHODS ARE MY OWN! I
HAVE NOTHING TO TELL
YOU, OR ANYONE!

HOLBERT RETREATED
FROM THE OLD MAN'S
BALEFUL STARE, AND
BEGAN TO AIMLESSLY STALK
THE STREETS IN A DARK
MOOD OF DISAPPOINTMENT
AND DISGUST... WALKING
FOR HOURS UNTIL HIS
FOOTSTEPS LED HIM TO THE
AREA OF THE CITY FOR ALL
WHO HAD GIVEN UP CARE
OR HOPE...

DIMITRIOS!
WHAT'S HE DOING DOWN HERE...
WANDERING AMONG BUMS AND
WINOS? SEEMS ALMOST TO BE
STUDYING THEM...

STEALTHILY, CURIOUSLY,
HOLBERT BEGAN TO
FOLLOW STAVROS DIMITRIOS
AS THE UGLY BENT FIGURE
WENT ABOUT STRANGE
BUSINESS FOR A MASTER
SCULPTOR...

KEEPS FEEDING
DRINKS TO THAT BUM...
GETTING HIM DRUNK...

THE GUY'S
SO JUICED, HE'LL GO
ALONG WITH ANYTHING DIMITRIOS
WANTS. WHERE THEY OFF TO
NOW...?

MUST BE HIS
STUDIO...THIS FACTORY
AREA DESERTED BY
NIGHT, GIVES DIMITRIOS
PLENTY OF PRIVACY FOR
...FOR WHAT?!

USING THE
FIRE ESCAPE OF A
NEIGHBORING BUILD-
ING, HOLBERT MADE HIS WAY
TO THE ROOF OF THE OLD
GREEK'S STUDIO, PAINSTAKINGLY
EASING HIS WAY TOWARD THE
SKYLIGHT, STRAINING IN FEAR THAT
THE SOUND OF THE GRAVEL UNDER-
FOOT MIGHT GIVE HIM AWAY WHEN...

WHAT TH-
THE LIGHTS
JUST WENT OUT!

HARDLY DARING TO BREATHE, HOLBERT EDGED FORWARD TO THE GLASS OF THE SKYLIGHT, HIS EYES STRAINING TO CATCH WHAT THE MOONLIGHT REVEALED OF THE STUDIO'S DARKENED INTERIOR. A FAINT CHUCKLING FILTERED OUT TO HIM FROM THE HUNCHED FORM OF DIMITRIOS. THE SCULPTOR'S DRINKING COMPANION WAS NOT TO BE SEEN...

THE OLD BIRD ACTS LIKE HE'S GOT THE CROWN JEWELS IN THAT BOX! IF HE'S GOT A SECRET, IT MUST BE LOCKED UP IN THERE... BUT HOW DOES HE USE IT? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BUM...?



THE ANSWER CAME SOMETIME LATER, WHEN A NEW ADDITION WAS MADE TO THE EXHIBIT OF STAVROS DIMITRIOS'S WORK...

I-IT'S HIM... SAME ONE THE OLD MAN PICKED UP ON SKID ROW! JUST LIKE DIMITRIOS SET HIM ON A PEDESTAL....



...OF COURSE! THAT'S THE ANSWER! DIMITRIOS DOESN'T CARVE STATUES, HE USES LIVING PEOPLE! HE'S FOUND SOME KIND OF SOLUTION YOU CAN POUR OVER THEM THAT HARDENS INTO STONE!

THAT'S WHAT HE KEEPS LOCKED UP IN THE IRON BOX! SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS NEEDED...



HE ALWAYS USES DERELICTS SO NEITHER POLICE NOR FAMILIES MISS THEM AND CAUSE TROUBLE! NO WONDER HIS STATUES ALWAYS LOOK HORRIFIED!



WHY HIS STATUES? AFTER TONIGHT MY STATUES!

ANTICIPATION CHAWED AT HOLBERT, PLUCKING AT HIS NERVES UNTIL AT LONG LAST IT WAS NIGHT...

AT LAST! THE OLD FOOL'S FINALLY LEAVING... OFF TO FIND ANOTHER MODEL...

ONCE AGAIN, HE TOOK TO THE ROOF, FORCING OPEN THE SKYLIGHT...

... FAT LOT OF GOOD IT'LL DO HIM WHEN I'VE MADE OFF WITH HIS 'SCULPTING' MATERIAL!

JUST AS
... I THOUGHT
... NO TOOLS, NO
EQUIPMENT! JUST A
FEW PEDESTALS...

... BUT
WITH THIS
WHAT ELSE
DOES HE
NEED?

TOOLS I
BROUGHT! I'LL
HAVE THAT
LOCK OFF IN
A MINUTE!

SO!
MY LITTLE
RUSE WORKED...

DIMITRIOS!

I TOLD YOU, HOLBERT. THE STRAIN OF ANCIENT GREECE RUNS IN ME...WE'RE NOT EASILY FOOLED! DON'T YOU THINK I KNEW WHEN YOU FOLLOWED ME? DIDN'T YOU THINK I'D BE PREPARED...?

DON'T GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE, OLD MAN... I'M CRACKING OPEN THIS BOX! IT'S EXACTLY MY INTIME TIME YOU SHARED ATTENTION YOUR PRECIOUS SECRET! BUT WHY RUIN THE BOX WHEN YOU CAN USE MY KEY...

YOU'RE GOING TO COOPERATE WITH ME?

CERTAINLY. I WAS FORTUNATE TO FIND THIS PROCESS, IT HAD BEEN LOST FOR CENTURIES... SINCE YOU'VE LEARNED SO MUCH ALREADY, I MIGHT AS WELL SHARE IT WITH YOU!



FEVERISH EXCITEMENT SWEPT HOLBERT AS HIS MOIST FINGERS CLUTCHED THE KEY, RUMBLING IT INTO THE LOCK WHICH WAS ANCIENT AND STIFF AS THE OLD MAN WHO BABBLED ON HALF-HEARD BEHIND HIM...

PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD OF MEDUSA? A LADY OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY...

YES, YES... I THINK SO... SOME DAME WITH SNAKES ON HER HEAD INSTEAD OF HAIR... OR SOMETHING...



AT LAST THE LOCK CAME OPEN. HOLBERT'S HEART POUNDED AS HIS TREMBLING HAND

BOGAN TO SWING OPEN THE LID. STILL THE OLD MAN TALKED ON...

THAT'S RIGHT, ONE OF THE GORGONS. HER HEAD WAS HEWN OFF BY PERSEUS AND CARRIED AWAY. STILL, SHE WAS QUITE REMARKABLE...



...AS YOU
CAN SEE!

EVEN AS THE SCREAM BEGAN, DIMITRIOS,
EYES TIGHTLY SHUT, FLICKED OFF THE
LIGHT, AND IN THE ROOM'S BLACKNESS,
PUSHED SHUT THE LID OF THE METAL
BOX WITH HIS CANE. ONLY THEN, DID HE
CONTINUE SPEAKING...



YES, QUITE
REMARKABLE,
SINCE ALL WHO
VIEW MEDUSA'S
FACE ARE
TURNED TO
STONE!!



ALL THERE
WAS TO KNOW OF
MY ART... IN FACT,
I'VE TITLED THE
STATUE: THE
SECRET
REVEALED!!



A SHORT TIME
LATER, CRITICS
AND CONNOISSEURS
WERE DELIGHTED
TO LEARN THAT
STAVROS DIMITRIOS
HAD CREATED
YET ANOTHER
MASTERPIECE...

FANTASTIC!
ONE OF YOUR BEST!
AND THE MODEL...
I KNOW HIM! FREDERICK
HOLBERT, I SUGGESTED
HE SHOULD STUDY
YOUR WORK... DID
HE LEARN ANYTHING
FROM YOU?

AH, AT LONG
LAST HOLBERT
IS GETTING
CRITICAL RECOG-
NITION, EVEN
THOUGH IT IS
A BIT ROCKY
FOR HIM! NOW,
ALL OF YOU
WHO WEREN'T
TURNED TO STONE
LOOKING AT
MEDUSA'S PICTURE,
CAN TURN TO MY
STATUESQUE
STARTLER...





JUDGING FROM THE HAPPY HUM OF ALL THOSE LITTLE IRIDIUM-SPOON BRAINS, YOU'RE ALL SET FOR ANOTHER SESSION WITH OUR MECHANICAL MARVEL... GET READY TO BE BUSTED UP, GANG, BY...

ADAM LINK, GANGBUSTER!

ONE SHORT WEEK BEFORE EVE'S TRIAL! COULD I EXPOSE THE BLACK FIST GANG WHICH HAD PINNED TWO OF THEIR KILLINGS ON HER? A LEAD HAD BROUGHT ME TO AN OLD WAREHOUSE WHERE THREE OF THE MOBSTERS WHISPED PLANS, NOT AWARE THAT THE SHARP MECHANICAL EARS OF ADAM LINK, DETECTIVE, WERE EAVESDROPPING.

THE BOSS SAYS TO LAY LOW
"UNTIL THAT METAL DAME
GETS THE RAP... FOR GUYS
WE BUMPED OFF! HA, HA, HA!"

YEAH, HARVEY
BRIGGS IS
PLENTY
SMART...

SHUT YOUR TRAP, LEFTY!
DIDN'T THE BOSS SAY NEVER
TO MENTION HIS NAME...
ANYWHERE, ANYTIME?



THAT WAS ALL I NEEDED TO KNOW!

HARVEY BRIGGS! "RESPECTABLE"
CITY COUNCILMAN! HE'S THE
BRAINS BEHIND THE GANG;
THE MASTERSMIND WHO
PINNED THIS MURDER RAP
ON EVE... NOW I CAN
GO AFTER HIM...

BUT IN MY EXULTATION I WAS UNAWARE OF FOOTSTEPS, AND SUDDENLY...

TALK, CHUM! ARE YOU
MAYBE A DICK HIRED
BY ADAM LINK, HUH?

IF ONLY THEY KNEW THE TRUTH!
BUT I CAN'T EXPOSE MYSELF
NOW BY USING MY POWERS TO
MAKE A BREAK FOR IT... IT WOULD
TIP OFF HARVEY BRIDG THAT
ADAM LINK IS ON HIS TRAIL!
I'LL PLAY DUMB...



WON'T TALK, EH? HE
MIGHTA HEARD THE
BIG GUY'S NAME SO...
LET HIM HAVE IT!

LUCKILY IN THIS DIM
LIGHT THEY DON'T SEE
THE BULLETS BOUNCING
OFF MY METAL BODY!
I'LL PLAY THE GAME
OUT... STAGGERING
AND FALLING...



THEY DID NOT KNOW THAT BEHIND THEM A "DEAD"
MAN ESCAPED DEATH AGAIN, THIS TIME FROM A
BLAZING FIRE...

CLOTHING'S CAUGHT
FIRE... I'LL BEAT
OUT THE FLAMES
THEN HURRY TO
JACK HALL'S
APARTMENT
FOR SOME NEW
CLOTHES! IT'S
NIGHT AND THE
DARKNESS WILL
COVER ME!



HE'S DEAD... NO
PULSE!

OF COURSE NOT
... BECAUSE A
ROBOT DOESN'T
HAVE A HEART!

WHY LEAVE A
BODY? A FIRE
TAKES CARE OF
EVERYTHING!
THIS IS ALMOST
FUNNY!!



ON THE WAY, I CALLED EVE VIA THE RADIO-TELEPATHY
HOOKUP INSTALLED IN OUR BRAIN-CASES...

GOOD NEWS, EVE! I KNOW THE
LEADER OF THE **BLACK FIST**
GANG! AS SOON AS I GATHER
CRIMINAL EVIDENCE AGAINST
HIM, YOU'LL BE SET FREE...

OH, ADAM, I'M
SO HAPPY! I
HATE THIS
TERRIBLE
JAIL!



BUT JACK AND KAY WERE NOT OVERJOYED WHEN THEY HEARD THE NEWS...

HARVEY BRIGG, OF ALL PEOPLE! WHO WOULD EVER SUSPECT HIM OF BEING BOSS OF THE CITY'S BIGGEST CRIME KING-F AND THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE, ADAM... YOUD NEVER GET ENOUGH EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM IN ONE YEAR, LET ALONE ONE WEEK! HOPELESS!

NOT FOR ADAM LINK, DETECTIVE! DRIVE ME TO MY MOUNTAIN CABIN AND LABORATORY!



I SPENT ALL THE NEXT DAY AT MY LABORATORY PREPARING A SPECIAL INSTRUMENT...

MY ELECTRONIC WIRE-TAPPER! IT'LL PICK UP BRIGG'S VOICE FROM HIS HOME AND TRANSMIT IT MILES AWAY TO A TAPE RECORDER IN YOUR APARTMENT, JACK!

YOU MEAN SECRET CONVERSATIONS BRIGG'S CONDEMNING HIMSELF? HOPE YOU'RE LUCKY, ADAM!



ONCE INSIDE, I SET MY MINIATURE EAVESDROPPER FOR CONSTANT OPERATION, DAY AND NIGHT...

I HEAR HARVEY BRIGG... BUT ONLY GIVING HIS SERVANTS ORDERS! I MAY HAVE A LONG WAIT BEFORE I PICK UP ANYTHING IMPORTANT!



THAT NIGHT, AT BRIGG'S SEDATE HOME IN A HIGH-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD...

BY CAREFUL TUNING, I CAN LEAP SOUNDLESSLY TO THIS PORCH ROOF, THEN SILENTLY FORCE OPEN THAT ATTIC WINDOW!



I WAITED THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS -- A ROBOT NEEDS NO FOOD, WATER OR SLEEP. FINALLY ON THE THIRD NIGHT, A VISITOR WAS USHERED INTO HARVEY BRIGG'S DEN...

WELL, SHANE! HOW DID ALL OUR OPERATIONS GO?

GREAT, BOSS! EXORTION PAYMENTS ALONE WERE 100 GRAND THIS WEEK!



IT ALL POURED INTO MY SUPERSENSITIVE PICK-UP DEVICE ...

SHANE MUST BE
OUR BOOKIES
BRIGGS' "CONTACT"
COLLECTED
MAN; THE ONE WHO
DOES GRAND
JEWELRY
REPORTS ON THE GANGS
WIDESPREAD CRIMINAL
ACTIVITIES /
ACTIVITIES /

... THENCE MILES AWAY TO THE
TAPE RECORDER IN JACK'S APART-
MENT...

COUNTERFEIT STUFF
PASSED OKAY... AND EVE LINKS
TRIAL COMES OFF IN
THREE DAYS...

THAT WAS THE SIGNIFICANT THING...
AND HARVEY BRIGGS GLORIED...

YES, SHANE! TWO OF
OUR KILLINGS GET
BLAMED ON EVE LINK! /
ANY JURY WILL BELIEVE
SHE'S A "FRANKENSTEIN"
THIS
ROBOT AND CONVICT
HER! HA, HA! /
MY CUNNING
FRIEND! /



I GOT A REAL
SHOCK FROM THEIR
NEXT WORDS...

THAT KIDNAPPED WOMAN OUT
IN OUR SHACK... NO RANSOM
MONEY WAS PAID SO AT MID-
NIGHT KILL HER... WITH A
METAL CLUB! THAT WILL BE
BLAMED ON ADAM LINK SINCE
EVE IS IN JAIL!

THAT'LL GET RID OF HIM
TOO, IN CASE HE'S TRYING
TO TRACK DOWN THE
BLACK FIST GANG!
GET IT, SHANE? NOW
GO AND TAKE CARE OF
THAT WOMAN!

IM GOING TO SLIP
OUT OF THE ATTIC
AND FOLLOW SHANE!
ADAM LINK WON'T
TAKE THIS RAP!



SHANE'S CAR CHANGED GEARS... AND SO DID I AS HE RACED AWAY IN THE NIGHT...



IT LEAD TO A LONELY SHACK...

HEY, BOYS! NO RANSOM CAME IN SO WE GOT ORDERS TO... WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT!

MY AUTOMATIC SENSE OF TIMING TELLS ME IT'S ALMOST MID-NIGHT... WHEN THAT POOR WOMAN IS TO DIE!



THEY RAN LIKE FRIGHTENED RABBITS TO THEIR CAR...

OUT, RATS!



RUN FOR IT...OR THAT
ROBOT'LL MANGLE US ALL!

LET THEM GO! IT'S THE
BIG ONE I WANT! HARVEY
BRIGGS! I'LL USE THE OTHER
CAR AND DRIVE THE WOMAN
HOME TO HER FAMILY... I
KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO
HAVE A LOVED ONE IN
DANGER!



SAVAGELY, I WRENCHED
THE CAR AROUND...

ALL RIGHT, EVE! THAT CALLS
FOR DIRECT TACTICS! I'LL
CONFRONT HARVEY BRIGGS IN
PERSON... TRUST ME TO SAVE
YOU, DEAR!



HEARING MY BELLOW FROM HIS DEN, THE
CRIMINAL MASTERMIND ORDERED HIS BODYGUARD
TO OPEN FIRE WITH A SUBMACHINE GUN, WHICH
SUITED ME FINE...

THAT RIPS AWAY MY HUMAN
CLOTHING AND CHIPS OFF MY
PLASTIC DISGUISE, SO YOU
CAN SEE WHO I
REALLY AM!

A-ADAM LINK...THE
A-R-ROBOT! WHAT
DO YOU WHIN-WANT?



AFTER I TOOK HER HOME, I DECIDED TO CON-
TACT EVE BY RADIO-TELEPATHY AND CHEER HER
UP... BUT I GOT AN EVEN GREATER SHOCK THEN...

ADAM! JACK AND TOM
LINK, YOUR LAWYER, JUST
VISITED ME WITH THE BAD
NEWS... THE FIRST PART OF
THE TAPE RECORDING AT
BRIGGS'S PLACE WAS RUINED BY
STATIC
CONDITIONS!

WHERE ALL HIS
GANG'S CRIMES ARE
LISTED! OH, NO...
THEN I HAVE NO
PROOF THAT HE'S
BOSS OF THE
BLACK FIST
BAND!



AFTER RINGING
HIS DOORBELL...

HEY, YOU'RE NOT SHANE!
STAY OUT...UGGG-OH!

IDIOT! TRYING TO
STOP ME IS LIKE
STOPPING A BULL-
DOZER! I WANT
TO GET MY HANDS
ON HARVEY BRIGGS
... SEE?



YOUR CONFESSION, BRIGG...AFTER I GET RID OF THIS HUMAN GARBAGE! YOU WILL FREE EVE FROM THE **BLACK FIST** KILLINGS OF JOHN DEERING AND TONI PUCELLI...IN WRITING!



I HAVE STEEL MUSCLES WITH THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN! I CAN CRUSH YOU TO PULP IN MY BARE METAL HANDS... UNLESS YOU DO AS I SAY!

Y-YES,
PAP-PLEASE
I'LL DO
ANYTHING!



THEN WRITE AS I DICTATE... "I, HARVEY BRIGO, RING-LEADER OF THE **BLACK FIST GANG**, CONFESS TO ORDERING THE KILLINGS BLAMED UPON EVE LINK, THE ROBOT, AND..."



MY LEGS... WRECKED!
STILL I CAN USE MY ARMS TO FIGHT BACK!



BUT THE BODYGUARD CAME BACK, INTERRUPTING ME.

FOOL! GET OUT!
YOU SAW HOW USELESS
YOUR GUN WAS
AGAINST ME!

YEAH, BUT HOW ABOUT
THIS GRENADE, YOU
TIN CHUMP?



BLAAM!

BUT I HAD UNDERESTIMATED THE BODYGUARD, FOR HE SEIZED A FIRE AX FROM THE HALL AND...

NO LEGS OR ARMS!
YOU WON'T BE ABLE
TO MOVE AT ALL!

GOOD WORK, DUTCH!
NOW I'LL TAKE OVER!
GET A BLOWTORCH
FROM THE BASEMENT!



AND SOON A FIENDISH PLAN WAS CARRIED OUT,
CONCEIVED IN THE HEARTLESS MIND OF HARVEY
BRIGGS, HUMAN MONSTER!

HEAT UP HIS HEAD TILL
THE METAL'S RED-HOT!
WELL FRY HIS CLEVER
ELECTRONIC BRAIN RIGHT
IN ITS SKULL CASE! IT'S
TORTURE TO HIM...HA,HA!

YES...I FEEL TERRIBLE PAIN AS MY
CIRCUITS GO WILD...
I'LL LAST ANOTHER
TEN MINUTES AT
THE MOST...



A LAST DESPAIR-
ING RADIO-TELEPATHY
CALL WENT TO EVE
IN HER JAIL CELL...

GOOD-BY, EVE!
I-EM...DONE
FOR/ AND
YOU'LL GO TO
THE ELECTRIC
CHAIR...AFTER
ALL! I'VE FAILED, EVE
...FAILED!
LOMOMY!



HEAT WOULD SOON MELT MY IRIDIUM-SPOONIE BRAIN CELLS...AND
SEARING ELECTRICITY WOULD LATER BURN OUT EVE'S LIFE CIR-
CUITS! OUR DOUBLE DOOM SEEMED CERTAIN AT THIS POINT...AND
SOON, EVE, AND D.J.M. LINK, THE FIRST TWO INTELLIGENT ROBOTS,
WOULD BE GONE FROM THE WORLD...FOREVER...



SHOCKING BEHAVIOR! IT REALLY *BURNS ME UP* TO SEE A GUY LIKE
BRIGGS PUTTING THE *HEAT* ON OUR HERO...BUT, IF ADAM'S GETTING HOT
UNDER THE COLLAR NOW, WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT ISSUE!





AUTUMN IS ON THE WIND. A Hint OF CHILL TO-COME TINGES THE BREEZE THAT SCATTERS DRY LEAVES ACROSS THE SLOOM OF A STARLESS NIGHT, AND MAKES SWINGING TREES CREAK AND MOAN, THEIR BRANCHES SCRATCHING AT THE DARKNESS... AND SO OUR PULSATING PROLOGUE BEGINS, AS TWO POLICEMEN SLOWLY FACE THEIR GLOOMY BEAT...

MY FIRST ASSIGNMENT, AND I GET BROKEN IN FOR THIS GRAVE-YARD TOUR! HOW CAN YOU STAND THE QUIET, DOWNNEY?

DON'T LET IT FOOL YOU, LAD... WE'VE HAD OUR SHARE OF TROUBLES AROUND HERE LATELY...



L-LORD... THAT SCREAM! IT SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THE... THE...

THE CEMETERY! INSIDE... QUICKLY!

CAAME FROM OVER THIS WAY--- WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY DROPPED SOMETHIN'...

A SPADE... AND THERE'S *o*-BLOOD ON IT!



ALL RIGHT! WHO'S THERE? COME ON OUT! NOW!

NOT THEN. WE'RE COMIN' IN!

HEE HEE



WHAT THA--- I KNOW THIS PUNK! GOT A RECORD FOR GRAVE ROBBIN'...

B---BUT, DOWNNEY, HE'S GONE OUT OF HIS MIND! AND HIS HAIR... IT'S TURNED SNOWY WHITE!

HEE HEE
HEE HEE



SECOND CHANCE!

FOR A TIME AFTER HE DIED EDWARD NUGENT DRIFTED IN A LIMBO WITHOUT DIMENSION, WITHOUT THOUGHT; LIKE A DREAMLESS SLEEPER... THEN, SENSATION WAKENED IN HIS FLOATING FORM AND HE FOUND HIMSELF DRAWN INTO A HALFWORLD OF HORROR, A SHIFTING, CHANGING NIGHTMARE THAT REACHED OUT AND ENGINFED HIM, AN AMOEBA UNIVERSE WRAPPING AROUND HIM, PULLING HIM TO ITS CORE...

I KNEW IT WOULD BE BAD, BUT
NOT LIKE THIS... WHO COULD
IMAGINE IT, PREPARE FOR IT? BUT
I'VE GOT TO KEEP MY SENSES...
GOT TO!



DEEPER AND DEEPER EDWARD NUGENT PLUNCHED INTO THE DARK DOMAIN, PLEADING AND BECOUND WITHIN HIMSELF FOR IT TO END... UNTIL, TO HIS SUDDEN REGRET, IT DID!



THE IRON CHASPS, THE HIDEOUS CLUTCHINGS DID NOT LESSEN... NUGENT FELT THE URGE TO RAGE, TO STRUGGLE, TO BURST FREE OF THE UNSPEAKABLE GUARD THAT BORE HIM...



NUGENT PRESSED CLOSE TO THE FIRMAMENT BE-NEATH HIM AS THOUGH IT MIGHT SWALLOW HIM AND HIDE HIM FROM THAT WHICH HE WAS AFRAID TO LIFT HIS HEAD TO SEE. A VOICE LIKE VELVET-WRAPPED THUNDER SPOKE HIS NAME...



HE WAS LOCKED IN GRIPS ALIEN AND REPULSIVE, CARRIED BY THINGS BRED FROM SEEDS OF MADNESS... CREATURES TO MAKE HIM WONDER IF DEAD MEN MIGHT GO MAD!

YOU ARE LATE, EDWARD NUGENT! WE WILL NOT BE KEPT WAITING!



HIS PITLESS SQUIRMING EFFORT WAS FUTILITY ITSELF, AND THE HOLDS TIGHTENED UNTIL HE SCREAMED WITH THE PAIN OF IT... THEN, SUDDENLY, TOO SUDENLY, HE WAS RELEASED...



NUGENT! I'VE WAITED SOME TIME FOR THIS...

WE MADE A
BARGAIN! I'VE
WORN THIS SIGN
OF YOURS SINCE
AS FROOP...
SURELY YOU
HAVEN'T FOR-
GOTTEN, SURELY
YOU WOULDN'T

GIVE UP AND
REMAIN HERE
WHEN I CAN
STILL HOLD
YOU TO OUR
PACT? I WANT
WHAT'S DUE ME!

I FORGET
NOTHING!
THIS IS ONLY A
CHANCE TO
RECONSIDER...
TO CALL THE
BARGAIN OFF
AND ALLEGE
YOUR FATE AS
IT NOW STANDS!

FIRST LOOK AND
SEE WHAT WANTS
WHEN THE AGRE-
EMENT'S DONE...

BEHIND HIM CAME A GREAT RUMBLE, AND RUGENT
TURNED TO FIND HIMSELF TEETERING ON THE BRINK
OF A HUGE PRECIPICE... ECHOING OUT OF THE DEPTHS
CAME TORTURED CRIES OF THE DOUBLY DAMNED AND
BARELY DISCERNABLE TO THE EYE WERE QUIVERING-
NAMELESS... THINGS... UNCONSCIOUSLY, HE BEGAN TO
BACK AWAY.

WITH THE ROTTEN LIFE
YOU LEAD, YOU GOT ME
EITHER WAY, BUT WITH
THE PACT I'M GONNA
GET A LOTTA GOOD
YEARS IN BEFORE YOU
DO! WHAT DO YOU THINK
I MADE IT FOR?

Y-YOU'RE TRYING
TO FRIGHTEN ME...
SCARE ME OUT OF
IT... THE DEAL
WAS, IF I DIED
YOU'D GIVE ME
LIFE AGAIN, I
COULD TAKE UP
WHERE I LEFT
OFF...

VERY WELL, RUGENT,
BUT NOW THE PIT
WILL BE WAITING...



OKAY, OKAY, YOU'VE
HAD YOUR SAY! NOW
I WANT TO GO BACK
AND I WANT TO DO
BACK, RIGHT NOW,
AS WE AGREED!

TO TAKE UP
LIFE WHERE
YOU LEFT
OFF...



...SO BE IT!!

ONCE AGAIN, EDWARD NUDENT FOUND HIMSELF FLOATING WHIRLING, FASTER AND FASTER, BEING HEAVED UP BY THE TERRIBLE DARK WORLD THAT HAD SWALLOWED HIM...



IT WORKED!
I CAN FEEL
IT! I'M WARM.
...ALIVE!

BUT WHERE AM
I... WHERE TO?

NUDENT TURNED IN THE
PITCH BLACKNESS. THERE
WAS LITTLE ROOM TO
MOVE... AND EVEN LESS
ROOM TO BREATHE... HE
FIGURED OUT WHERE
HE WAS...



THEN, FAR ABOVE HIM, IN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING, NUDENT HEARD SOUNDS... THE SOUNDS OF LABORING, OF METAL DIGGING INTO EARTH... CHIPPING AWAY AT THE BLANKET OF SOIL THAT WAS SLOWLY SMOOTHERING HIM...

HURRY! WHOEVER
YOU ARE, PLEASE HURRY!
WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!
WHILE I CAN STILL CHEAT
HIM, AND HIS PIT! A LITTLE
BIT MORE AND...



...I WIN! I'VE CHEATED
SATAN HIMSELF, I WIN I WIN!

EPISODE: IN THE SOFTEST LIGHTS, MADNESS IS HARSH: BY THE FLASHLIGHTS BEAM, IT IS ALL BUT CONTAGIOUS, BOTH POLICEMEN SHIVER AS THE BREEZE CATCHES THE INSANE GAGGING AND FUGS IT TO THE FAR CORNERS OF THE CEMETERY...



WHY NOT? HE WON'T DO ANYWHERE... HE'S HIDING HIMSELF ALREADY.



FOOTSTEP AFTER FOOTSTEP IS TRACED BACK, UNTIL...



THEY USED THE SPADE ON IT... BEAT IT WITH THE SPADE, THAT'S WHERE THE BLOOD CAME FROM... BUT WHY WOULD TWO EXPERIENCED GRAVE ROBBERS BE SO FRIGHTENED OF A CORPSE TO DO THAT...



I DON'T KNOW, KID... MAYBE WE SHOULD BE FRIGHTENED TOO... WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW AN ENTRALMED CORPSE BLEED?!

A SILENCE FALLS OVER THE TWO POLICEMEN AND THE ONLY SOUND IN THE CEMETERY IS THE WIND WHICH HAS BECOME COLDER... AND PERHAPS, FAINT ABOVE THE WIND, SO DISTANT IT MIGHT BE FROM ANOTHER WORLD, A CRY... LIKE THE SOUND OF A SOUL IN TORMENT?

